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remembered by one who was part of each scene and not merely a note-taking looker on.

Finally, the book is a summing up in biographical form of the author's literary work and philosophical conclusions. Whoever maintains that he has weighed more exactly, or has more conscientiously striven to evaluate the worth of human life, or that he has compared contentions regarding human problems with more precise discrimination or greater justice to opposing views than has Mr. Mallock, has need of much proof. Though the problems Mallock has studied are changing their forms, though a somewhat different set of questions propound themselves today, it is difficult to think past his philosophy, and quite possible to be satisfied with it.

INTIMATE PAGES OF MEXICAN HISTORY. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's account of Mexico is so different from the ordinary narrative of the newspaper correspondent, or the usual comments of the observer of foreign affairs, or the impersonal narrative of the historian, that it fascinates one from the first, as much by its refreshing novelty and assurance as by its remarkable brilliancy of style. Here is a rare thing, a book about Mexico with "some heart in it," the author actually manifesting not only a willingness to sympathize with the Mexican people, but even a disposition to treat Mexican history as something significant and tragic, not merely ludicrous (from a serious political point of view) or just hopelessly inferior and corrupt. In *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave us her intimate view of a particular situation, with no concealment of her real opinions concerning the larger questions involved, yet with a certain reserve imposed by discretion and by a comparatively restricted purpose. Now she gives us her whole feeling and philosophy regarding Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz, we learn, was, in several senses of the word, a great man. If this surprises us, it is perhaps only because we have a fixed impression that Mexican great men cannot really be great. There must be, we instinctively assume, a fly in the ointment, if not "a nigger in the woodpile." Diaz, however, was not venal—even though efficient. He knew that money was a vital necessity in the state, but "it was without meaning in his own existence. He had no personal wants, he accumulated no personal effects." At the close of his administration, Senor Don José Limantour, his Minister of Finance, handed over to the new Finance Minister, Don Ernesto Madero (uncle to the "Redeemer") 72,000,000 pesos in hard coin. Diaz was so completely practical that he actually realized the value of foreign brains and capital in Mexico; but this did not make him a blackguard. Best of all, "knowing to the very marrow of its being, as only the man of genius can know things, that undisciplined, heterogeneous, passionate mass of human beings, the Mexican people, in his wisdom Don Porfirio never experimented with the cruelties of a sentimental and unripe democracy." Until his eightieth year, discontent with his strong-hand methods never went further than the common human perversity of longing for a change—even for the worse.

Madero was a dreamer, a mystic, something of a self-deceived charlatan. "He was completely, fatally amateurish, and what was needed was technical governmental skill." A pacifist by nature and conviction, he was in the end obliged to rely upon the army to support his power. His fall—and indeed the manner of it—was definitely foreseeable.

For Huerta, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy awakens a not wholly sentimental (because discriminating) sympathy. She does not make a hero of him, as she does of Porfirio Diaz; but she presents him as a tragic and, in some obscure way, a great figure. He was an enigma, she frankly confesses. But, in the first place, he was, according to the Mexican Constitution, lawfully President of Mexico; and not a shred of evidence has come to light showing that he was in any way responsible for the killing of Madero. That this event would be a calamity for him, he must have known. Again, he never had a fair chance. Apparently ready to meet foreign obligations and especially anxious to conciliate the United States; tenacious, but without a trace of arrogance; diplomatic, in his own shrewd and forbearing way, throughout his hopeless struggle for recognition; he was thwarted in the most gratuitous way. Permitting herself, upon this subject, a freer exercise of a faculty for the keenest satire than she felt to be fitting in her earlier book, the author writes:

"It has been said that President Wilson's horror of Huerta sprang from his own great virtue, but even so he seems, as some one has pointed out, scarcely justified, in the punishment on circumstantial evidence only of murder, by dragging 15,000,000 human beings into a fratricidal war. As Mr. Wilson's duties at home at that time prevented him from engaging in the affairs of the world, and unfortunately rendered it quite impossible for him to take over the government of Mexico himself, and to carry out his views for the 85 per cent thoroughly in his own way, on the principle that if you want a thing well done, do it yourself, the only reasonable alternative was to let the work be done in *their* way, by a man who happened to be the legal President of his country."

But, most of all,—and this is an idea that the author in a variety of subtle ways makes convincing,—Huerta was Mexican. Here, indeed, resides, in great part, the philosophy of the whole matter.

"The more one considers that unequal contest (Huerta had within his own being further enemies), the more one wonders what would have been the writing of history had he been permitted by Fate and the United States to work out the Mexican situation in the Mexican way."

The book has an emotional quality bespeaking real acquaintance with facts and persons, real concern for—let us say without hesitation—Mexican nationality. It may occur to the reader that this element of feeling is excessive. There seems no real occasion for saying with especial bitterness that "the greatest lie of the ages is that which tells us that all men are born free and equal." Though a vigorous and brilliant social life is doubtless a sign of national health, there is a kind of unaccountable violence in the statement that what was once the glory of states has been replaced by "drab, misshapen, penurious,

irresponsible groupings of mediocrities." But there is throughout the whole book an intimacy and warmth which, if it does no more, can scarcely fail to make one's mind receptive of a broader point of view. Probably it will do more. It is not easy to see that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's philosophy of Mexico, realistic to the point of cynicism, yet generous in feeling, is in any essential way wrong.

RISE ABOVE THE RUINS IN FRANCE. By Corrina Haven Smith and Caroline R. Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"France will soon succeed in re-establishing industrial activities and normal community life." This is the amply substantiated report of Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith and Mrs. William Hill, whose work in the devastated regions since 1915 has given them the fullest opportunity for observation and investigation. The work of gradual restoration in Northern France is an extraordinary human phenomenon. Admirable as are the governmental and other agencies that are aiding in this great task, what most impresses one is the tenacity of the people, which resembles the persistence of life in a living organism. The ruined cities of Northern France are to be rebuilt, its shell-torn fields are again to be placed under profitable tillage. It is all as inevitable as a process of nature; for the people keep coming back. France is like a wounded soldier with a splendid constitution, daily recovering; nothing will be left in time but the scars. The authors have given us with great clarity the facts that enable one to understand the situation statistically; they have developed the manifold human interest of unparalleled conditions of life; but most of all, their book as a whole shows us this striking spectacle of recuperation through national vigor, an activity that is going on over a wide area, everywhere marked by the same courage, the same perseverance.

The devastated region in France comprises 6,000 square miles, with a normal population of 2,000,000 people. Within this extent of territory over 1,000 villages were reduced to ruins; 35,000 miles of railroad track were put out of use; 800 bridges were destroyed; a large proportion of the manufacturing plants were gutted; 1,500,000 head of livestock were killed or stolen.

It was part of the German plan to cripple French industries after the war by destroying or carrying off French machinery. They foresaw, said the head of the Lille Sector, that "during the period when we should be struggling with the problem of reconstruction of our industries, Germany, reinforced by stolen machinery, would be in a position through immediate production to take from us our clientele."

"Can any estimate be made of the value of the machinery taken?" asked one of the interviewers.

"Yes," he replied, "approximately one milliard."

"Is it true that most of the factories destroyed were in regions where there was no fighting and therefore the destruction was premeditated?"

"It certainly is," he said with emphasis. "This fact should be taken into account more than it is."

German thoroughness did not end here. The systematic theft and destruction in which the Germans engaged while they were being